

Every Real Morning

Ah yes yet
another good look
at myself:cliche,

at the latest
horse shot out
from under also

bleeding dead,
and ah yes
other cliches

and yes and ah yes
I could say life
is shit

I could say that.
(Affirm it,uh,thinking
positively.)

But I wouldn't
(AFFIRM!!!! either)
if I could say anything.

It all has a stink
like sour underwear full of
stale cracker crumbs
and I wonder why. Not.

What is
is

when you no longer occupy
dreams--or visit others'--spurning
phony love. Your own
especially.

(Your indulgences
worst than Catholics'.)
You've got a genuine face
in there somewhere
among your various whores.

It just takes guts
to get it up

every
real
morning.